Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milke, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſſe Philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reverſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee that mad men have no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they, when wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou do'ſt not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Nurſe knockes.

Fri. Ariſe, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I, unleſſe the breath of heart-ſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there?) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken (ſtay a while) ſtand up.

Knocke againe.

Run to my ſtudy (by and by) Gods will,
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knockes ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is even in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Juſt in her caſe: O wofull ſimpathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lyes ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring:
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'ſt thou of *Juliet*? how iſt with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the child-head of our joy,
With blood remov'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld love?
Nur. Oh, ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weepes,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name ſhot from the deadly levell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art,
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wilde acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me: By my holy Order
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?